

To Save The Last Bullet

by cassowary

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Summary: Question: Ever wonder what happened to good ol' Shiranui Kyou? Answer: Find out here! As always, feel free to read and review.

To Save The Last Bullet

Shiranui Kyou wanted a prize.

He wanted control.

To prove he was best.

The only human that could match him.

He knelt before the figure hunched against the great tree. His demon eyes could see every detail in the diamond moonlight.

Harada Sanosuke sat with his back to the rough bark, one hand on his knee, the other drawn across his belly, face downturned to his lap.

He could have been resting.

He had to be resting.

Humans, they were so stupid and fragile.

Harada could not be human.

Harada was...his rival. Shiranui dreamed of victory.

Shiranui grew angry at the blood that seeped from the still body, staining white fabric and white hands.

The demon pulled a familiar crystal vial from his belt. He would win

this fight. He would have the pretty boy at his mercy.

Domination.

Popping off the stopper with his thumb, he extended his own dark hand and grasped Harada's angular chin, as if for a kiss. Long strands of wine-red hair fell away. The face tilted upwards was white, like marble; like snow smeared with blood.

The man's smooth, androgynous features were blank and unmoving, the laughter and rage entirely gone from eyes that had become impassive ancient golden shields instead of dancing sunsets through amber mirrors. As if he was untroubled by the cuts that marred his left cheek, the blood that fell from his pale sculpted lips.

Recklessly, Shiranui forced the opening of the vial of Ochimizu between those lips, past sharp teeth. More deep red liquid dribbled down the pointed chin.

Shiranui waited, waited for the crimson hair to turn pure white, for the flat golden eyes to become multifaceted rubies.

It was victory, sweet victory. He held Harada's life, his very being, in his hands. He had one last bullet he kept tucked away for this moment.

The half-demon would be his.

And nothing happened.

Nothing.

Shiranui released Harada, allowing the lifeless corpse to slump back over.

No living man could own or tame Harada Sanosuke. Not Shiranui Kyou, not that bastard Nagakura Shinpachi. No woman either: the countless girls in Shimabara, the girl that he left behind with the Shinsengumi. Harada Sanosuke was Death's paramour now; unbound, unchanged by time. Invincible.

Shiranui threw his head back and let out a scream of fury in his defeat.

There was nothing more for him here, and he would never return.

End
file.